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civilized life; its courtesies and amenities he holds in the most sovereign contempt; despises soap and water, and rises proudly above white stockings and clean shirts.

There are several other descriptions of geniuses, on each of which we could say an edifying word or two, but reserve them for another occasion. C.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MR BRADBURY, THE CELEBRATED CLOWN.—In the year 1814, when Mr Bradbury was in the heyday of his popularity, he lodged in Portsmouth, in the well-known and elegant establishment called the Crown Hotel, then kept by a Mr Hanna, where a number of the fashionable and gay daily resorted. It happened at a dinner party where a considerable number were present, Mr Bradbury introduced a most splendid gold snuff-box which had been shortly before presented to him by the members of a convivial club to which he belonged, in token of their estimation of him as a convivial friend and of his talents in his line of acting, which qualities he was known to possess in a very high degree. This box he highly prized, and it was sent round the table and admired by all. After some time, however, it was found not to be forthcoming. Every one stared—no one had it—all had seen it the moment before, but could not tell what could possibly have become of it. In vain the owner entreated every gentleman to search his pocket, as some one might have taken it inadvertently. All tried without success. After remaining an hour in the greatest anxiety, in which the company seemed to participate, they separated. Mr Bradbury consulted some of his friends on this very unpleasant business, who advised him to send for a Bow Street officer, who might from his habits be able to suggest some means of detection. This advice was instantly followed, and Rivett, the well-known peace-officer, was sent for. The same company met next day at dinner, and the most anxious inquiries were made by all for the box, but still no account of it. Amongst the company was a Captain C—, who was aide-de-camp to General Leake, who was then going out to India, and waiting for the first fair wind. This gentleman was the first to quit the room after dinner, and by a preconcerted arrangement was followed into his bedroom by Rivett, who was waiting outside. Mr Bradbury also followed; and it was immediately communicated to Captain C— that he must submit to a search, a warrant for that purpose having been obtained against every gentleman in the room. This was instantly submitted to in the most cheerful manner by Captain C—, who invited them to make it, and expressed great satisfaction at such a course as the only means of detection; but he could not bring himself to believe that any gentleman could be guilty of so infamous an act except through inadvertence. After his trunk and dressing-case had been searched, he hoped they were perfectly satisfied of his integrity in the business. Rivett, however, observed that as far as the search was made, he was satisfied that all was correct, and nothing now remained but to search his person. These words were scarcely uttered when he was observed to change colour and stagger; a smothered groan escaped him, and he fell back in a chair; and in a state scarcely conscious of existence, the box was taken from his pocket. He remained in this state of stupor for a few moments, whilst Bradbury and the peace-officer stood looking at each other, scarcely believing the evidence of their senses; and recovering himself a little, he stood up, gazed wildly at one and then at the other, and gasping with the intensity of his feelings, he rushed to his dressing-table, and like lightning drew a razor across his throat. Surgical assistance being on the spot, the wound was pronounced not to be mortal. The effect of the scene—the look of the man—his maniac look, and the act of desperation accompanying it—his rank in life, and every circumstance connected with it, had such an effect on poor Bradbury that he lost his reason, and did not recover it for a year afterwards. The matter could not be kept a secret. The truly unfortunate and miserable Captain C— of course lost his commission, and it is not known what afterwards became of him. There was, however, no prosecution. The punishment was sufficient. W. E.

ELEVATION OF THE MIND.—Lofty elevation of mind does not make one indifferent to the wants and sufferings of those who are below him; on the contrary, as the rarified air of mountains makes distant objects seem nearer, so are all his fellow-beings brought nearer to the heart of him who looks upon them from the height of his wisdom.

NAPOLEON AFTER DEATH.—Death had marvellously improved the appearance of Napoleon, and every one exclaimed, when the face was exposed, "How very beautiful!" for all present acknowledged that they had never seen a finer or more regular and placid countenance. The beauty of the delicate Italian features was of the highest kind; whilst the exquisite serenity of their expression was in the most striking contrast with the recollections of his great actions, impetuous character, and turbulent life. As during his eventful career there was much of the mysterious and inscrutable about him, even after death Napoleon's inanimate remains continued a puzzle and a mystery: for, notwithstanding his great sufferings and the usual emaciating effects of the malady that destroyed him, the body was found enormously fat. The frame was as unsusceptible of material disintegration as the spirit was indomitable. Over the sternum, or breast bone, which is generally only thinly covered, there was a coat of fat an inch and a half thick; and on the abdomen two inches, whilst the omentum, kidneys, and heart, were loaded with fat. The last organ was remarkably small, and the muscle flabby, in contradiction to our ideal associations, and in proof of the seeming paradox, that it is possible to be a very great man with a very little heart. Much anxiety was felt at the time to ascertain the disease of which Bonaparte died. Mr O'Meara had represented the liver as the faulty organ, and this has been echoed by Antomarchi; though, as we have said before, the illustrious sufferer himself, with better judgment, referred the mischief to the stomach, as its seat and source; and he was perfectly right, as the event proved. This organ was found most extensively disorganised: in fact, it was ulcerated all over like a honey-comb. The focus of the disease was exactly the spot pointed out by Napoleon—the pylorus, or lower end where the intestines begin. At this place I put my finger into a hole, made by an ulcer, that had eaten through the stomach, but which was stopped by a slight adhesion to the adjacent liver. After all, the liver was free from disease, and every organ sound except the stomach. Several peculiarities were noticed about the body. He appeared at some time to have had an issue open in the arm, and there was a slight mark, like a wound, in the leg, but which might have been caused by a suppurating boil. The chest was not ample, and there was something of feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms and the smallness of the hands and feet. The head was large in proportion to the body, with a fine, massy, capacious forehead. In other respects there were no remarkable developments for the gratification of phrenologists. The diseased state of the stomach was palpably and demonstrably the cause of death; and how Napoleon could have existed for any time with such an organ, was wonderful, for there was not an inch of it sound. —*Biography of a Surgeon.*

THE MARCH OF MAGNITUDE.—Is "onward" like the prosperity of your two-and-sixpenny republic in Central America. We [the Americans] are becoming so great, that it is very much to be feared we shall lose all our standards of commerce. Having nothing little, we don't see how the deuce we shall be able to express a diminutive. Our miniature will all become magnitude, and it is difficult for us to see our way clearly in the world. Our insects will grow into elephants, and for aught we see we shall have to speak of the gnat as a large monster, and the honey-bee have to be described as a beast of prey. "I does business in this store," was the remark made the other day by a dealer in crab apples, as he crawled out of a refuse molasses-hogshead with his peck basket of merchandise. The skippers of the Long Island clambots all call each other *captains*; and we lately heard a city scavenger complaining to another gentleman in the same line of business, that his *town house* had been endangered during a recent conflagration: a mischievous cracker-boy had thrown one of his flaming missiles into the segment of a cellar occupied by the complainant and his family. Mr Mark Anthony Potts told us the other day that he had made arrangements for extending his *business*. He has taken the superintendence of two coal carts, having heretofore shovelled for but one. Nobody thinks nowadays of calling the conductor of a mud cart on the railroad by any less dignified title than an *agent*. The vender of apple-jack on a dilapidated cellar-door upon the North river, is a *merchant*; and the fourth-rate victualler along the wharves, who manages to rent half of a broken-down cobbler's stall, keeps a *public house*!